



NO. 71  
NOV '00

ROBINSON  
SNEJBERG

GRAND GUIGNOL: 10

# STARMAN



ROBINSON  
2000



FROM THE SHADE'S  
JOURNAL ...

Culp, my sworn enemy, had  
Opal City snared in a shell  
of darkness.

Indeed, even as I  
faced my bitter foe...

...even as Jack Knight faces  
his enemy the Mist...

...so, the magical rite Culp had  
inflicted upon the city drew it  
closer to oblivion.

Now read  
on...

I FIGGER  
I GOT THE  
ADVANTAGE  
ON YOU, OL'  
CHUM.

HOW  
SO?

I GOT  
YOUR SHADOW  
'N' MINE. YOU  
GOT NONE OF  
IT.

TIME TO  
DIE, LOVER!

NOT TODAY,  
BABY. I'M DONE  
DYING FOR A  
WHILE.

Grand Guignol  
Onzième Partie

Evils Old, New and  
Unexpected

ROBINSON • SNEJBJERG • OAKLEY • WRIGHT • JAMISON • WILLIAMS • TOMASI • GOODWIN • Jack Knight created  
writer • artist • letterer • colorist • seps • assistant ed. • editor • guiding light • by Robinson & Harris





WHY'D YOU EVEN TRAIPISE HERE, DICKIE? YOU *KNOW* I 'AVE THE EDGE.

I'D NEVER SHY FROM THE *CHANCE* TO MEET YOU IN BATTLE, CULP.

AND TO THINK YOU WERE *INSIDE* ME.



YEAH, *FUNNY*, THAT.



COME'ERE!

IT'S DOWN TO *THIS*, YET AGAIN. ME WITH A *GUN* AIMED. YOU *HELPLESS*.

HOW CAN YOU BE SO *SURE* THIS *ISN'T* YOUR TIME TO DIE?



I *KNOW*, IS ALL. I DON'T FEAR YOU, NASH. TOOK ME A *LITTLE* TIME TO REALIZE... WITH YOU THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR.



THINK OF IT, DICKIE... *ALL* I DONE... *ALL* THE PEOPLE WHO 'ATE YOU 'CAUSE OF *THINGS* I DONE IN YOUR BODY. 'N' *THOSE* WHO THINK YOU'RE A BLEEDIN' IDIOT.

YOUR *BELOVED* JAY GARRICK FOR ONE. 'E THINKS YOU'RE A RIGHT ROYAL *TOSSER*.



I'LL *KILL* YOU, SIMON, I SWEAR.



WIV WHAT? LIKE I *SAID*, I GOT THE *SHADOW*. YOU GOT NO MEANS T'DO MUCH O' *NAUGHT*.

YOU ARE *WRONG*, MOST *VILE* ELFIN FOE! MY MASTER HAS BUT *ONE* FEY TO HIS NAME. AND I AM *HE*.







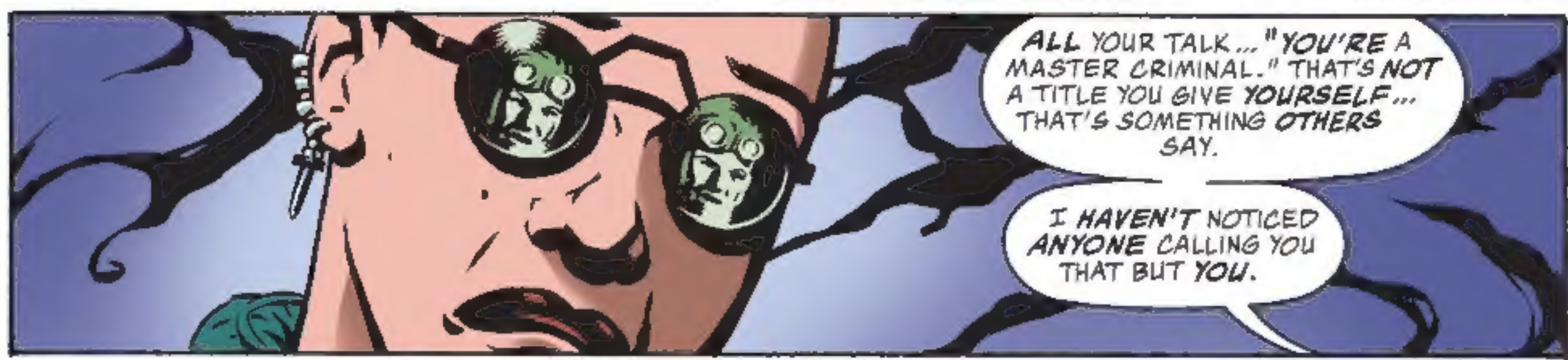
SMUDGE!

TASTY  
SNACK,  
THAT.



UH.

UH... UH...



ALL YOUR TALK... "YOU'RE A  
MASTER CRIMINAL." THAT'S NOT  
A TITLE YOU GIVE YOURSELF...  
THAT'S SOMETHING OTHERS  
SAY.

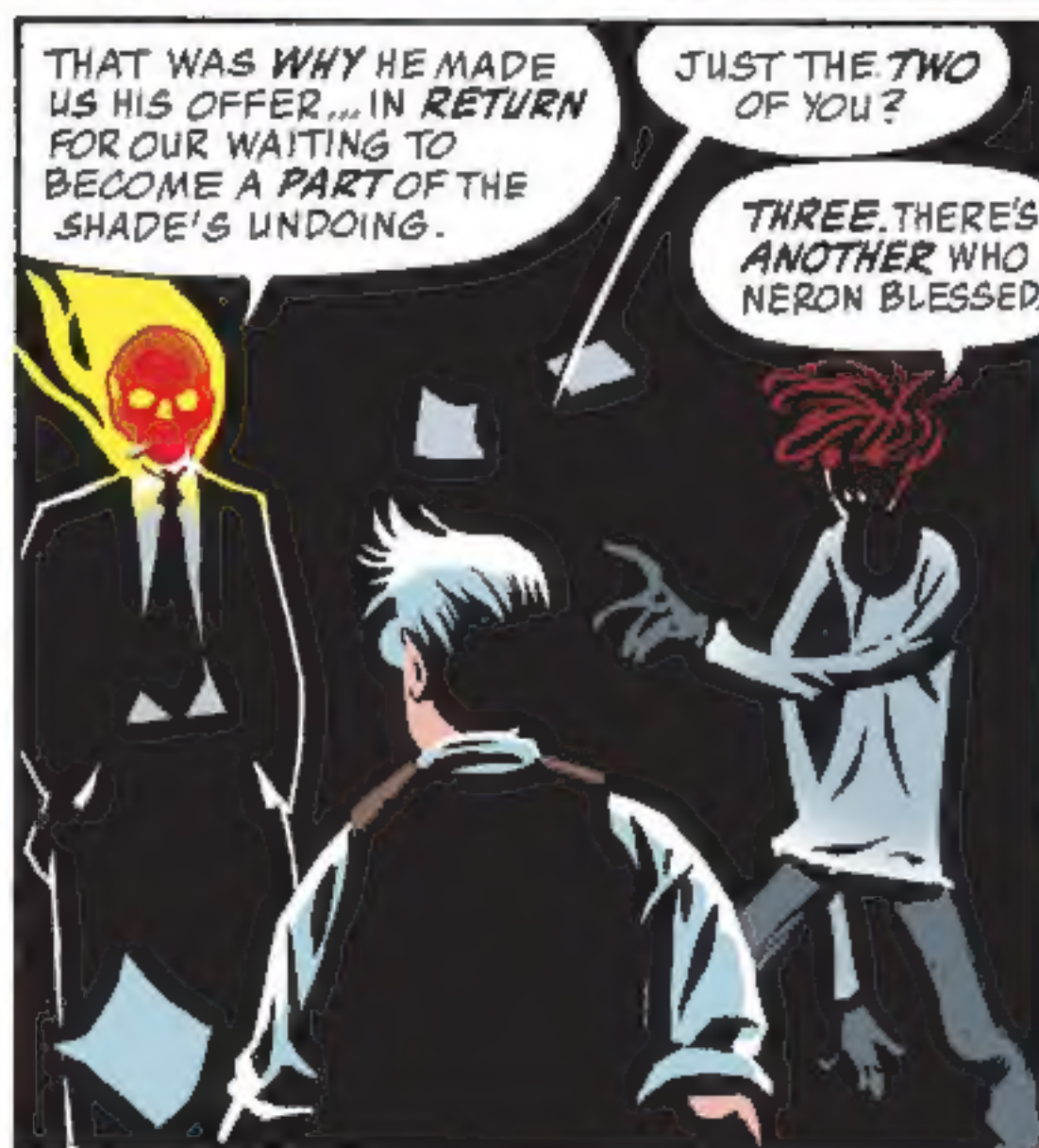
I HAVEN'T NOTICED  
ANYONE CALLING YOU  
THAT BUT YOU.



IT'S THE SAME AS  
BEING A HERO.

YOU KNOW,  
THINKING ABOUT  
IT, I NEVER HEARD  
MY DAD CALL HIM-  
SELF ANYTHING  
LIKE THAT.  
NO...









WHOA--



HEY!

FWOOOOOSH

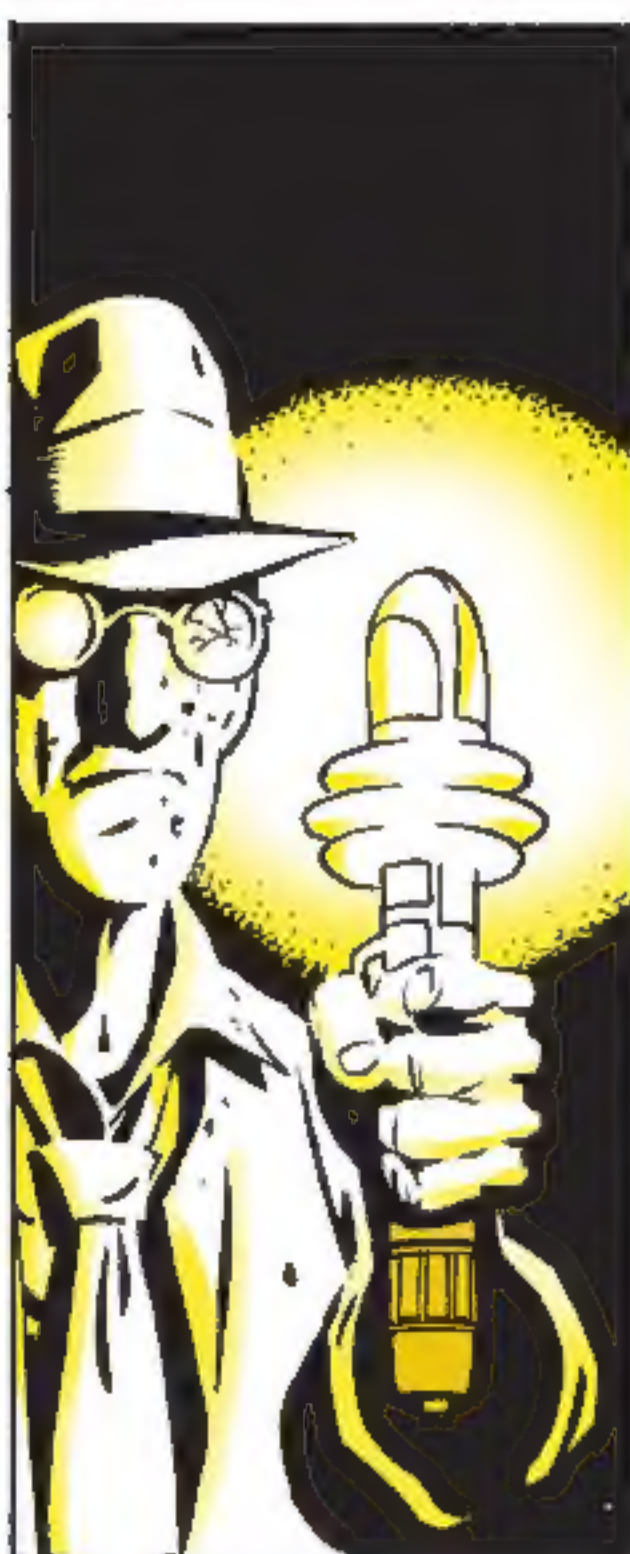
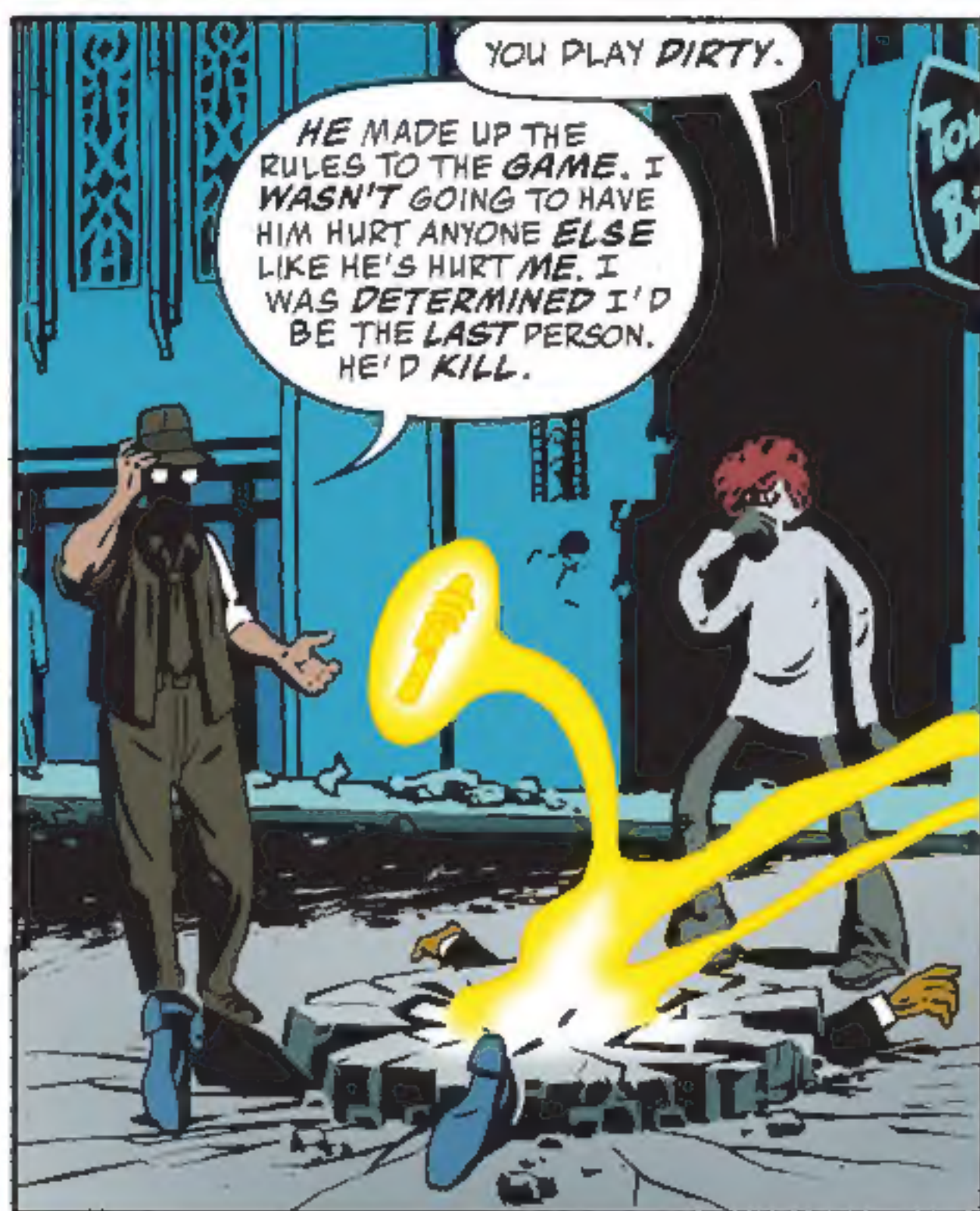


FLIP



KKRRRAASSHHH!







Our look. Virulent and draped in sullen memory.

We were linked not just here in the now of shadows' ebb and flow, but in countless moments gone.

OUTSIDE THE CITY FALLS.

NOT TO CRIME.

CRIME IS FORGOTTEN. WEALTH LEFT LYING.

THE CITY FALLS TO DARKNESS ITSELF.

PANIC.

FOR PHANTOM LADY...

...BLACK CONDOR...

...BENNETTI...



...THEIR FIGHT'S PRIZE  
BECOMES ORDER.

A BATTLE THEY  
ARE LOSING.



For Jack and the Mist, there  
are fewer shared times.

And Jack doesn't  
even care to recall  
those anymore.

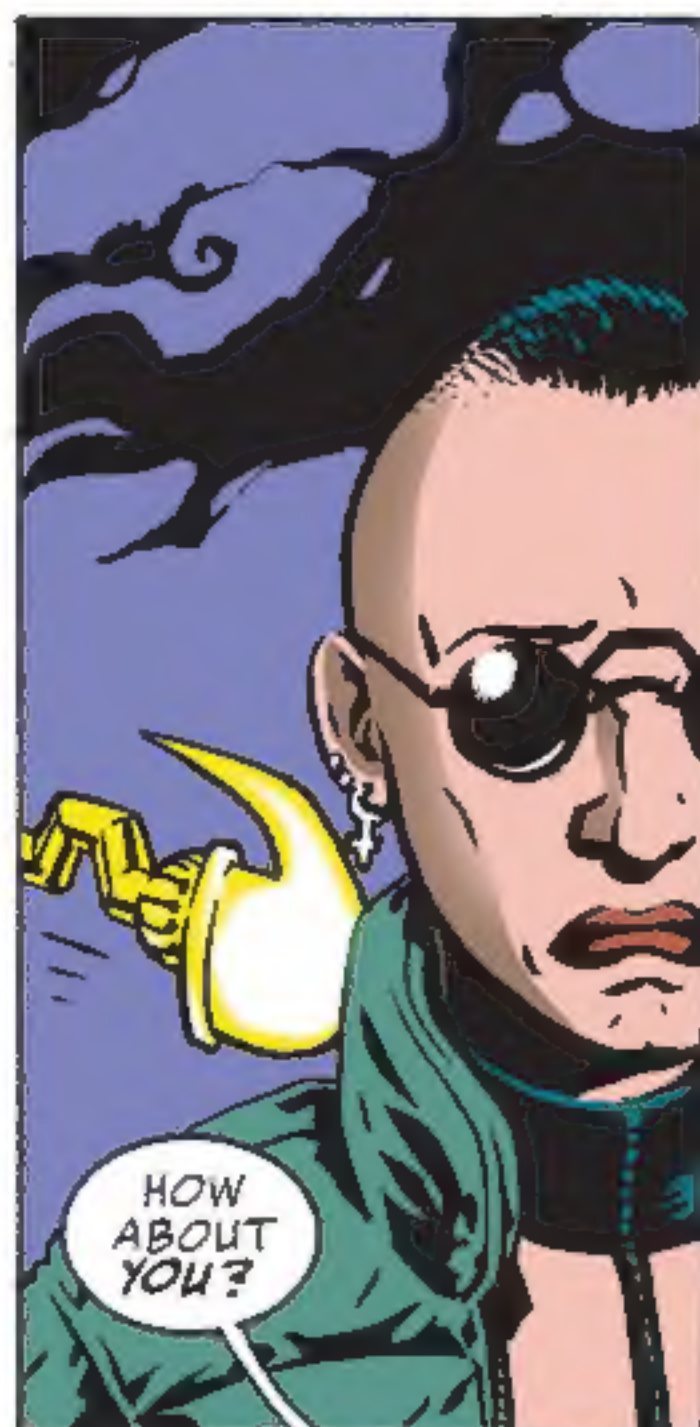
THING IS,  
MIST, I'VE BEEN  
INTO OUTER  
SPACE. IT'S  
TOUGH OUT  
THERE.



I  
IMPROVED...  
JUST LIKE YOU  
TOLD ME TO.



HOW  
ABOUT  
YOU?



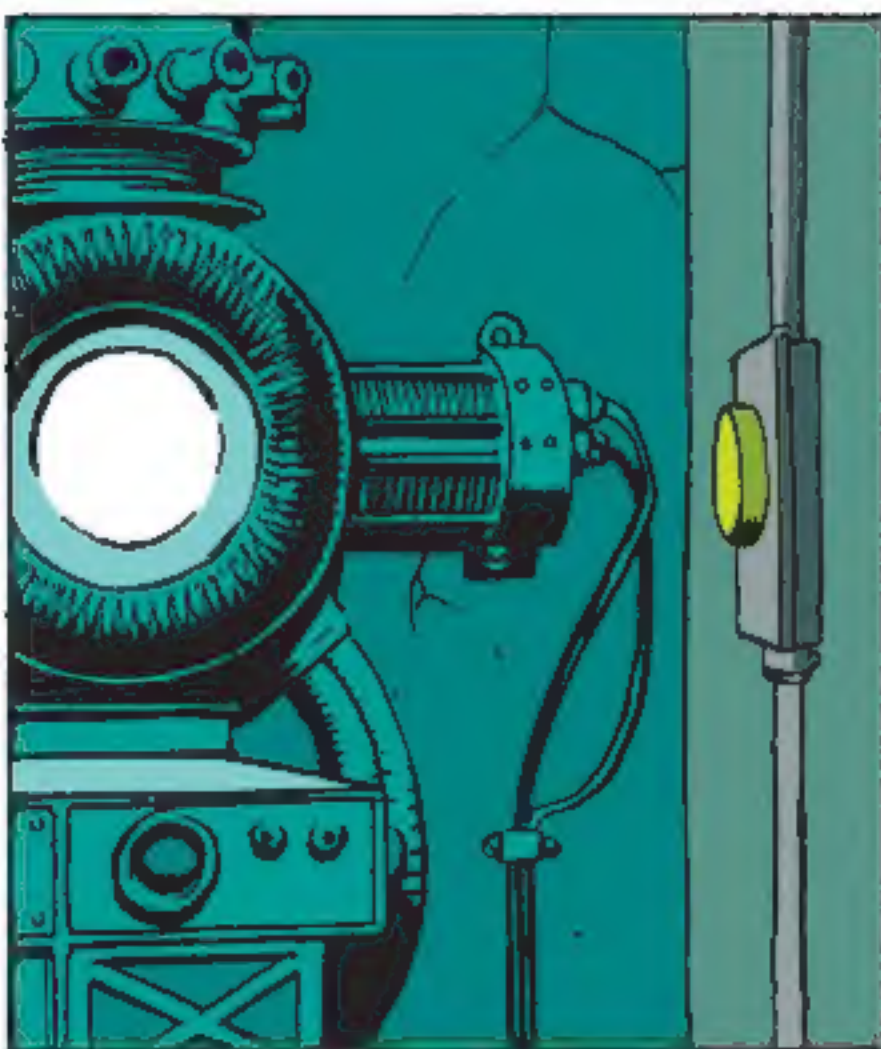
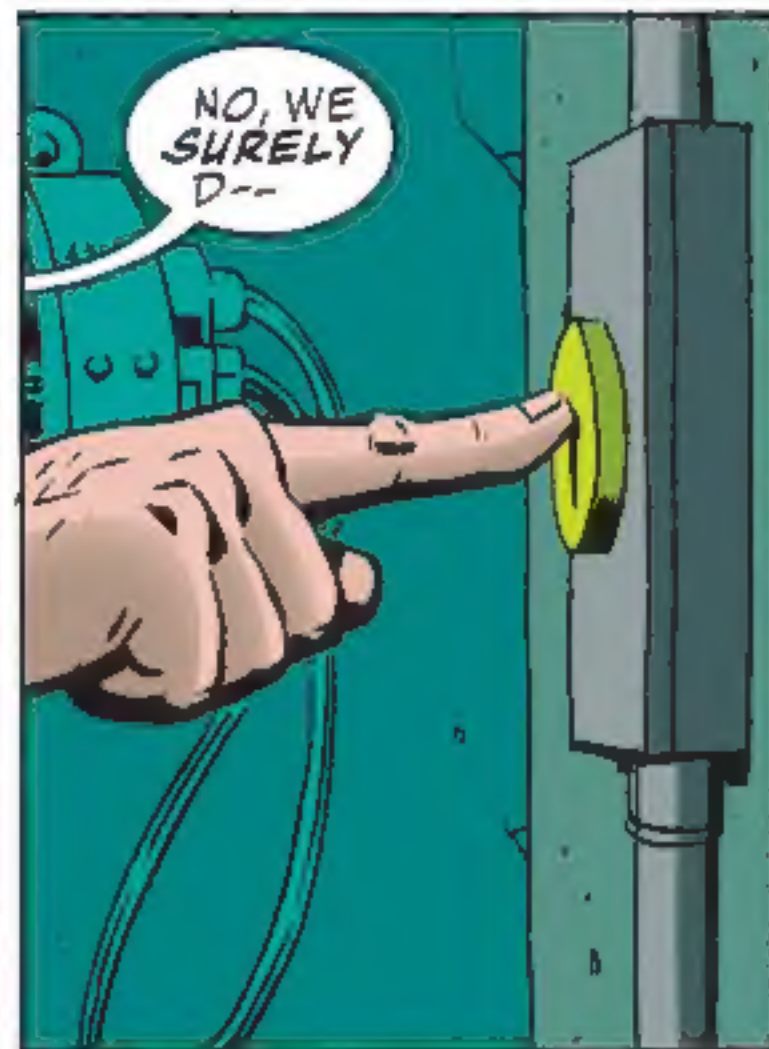




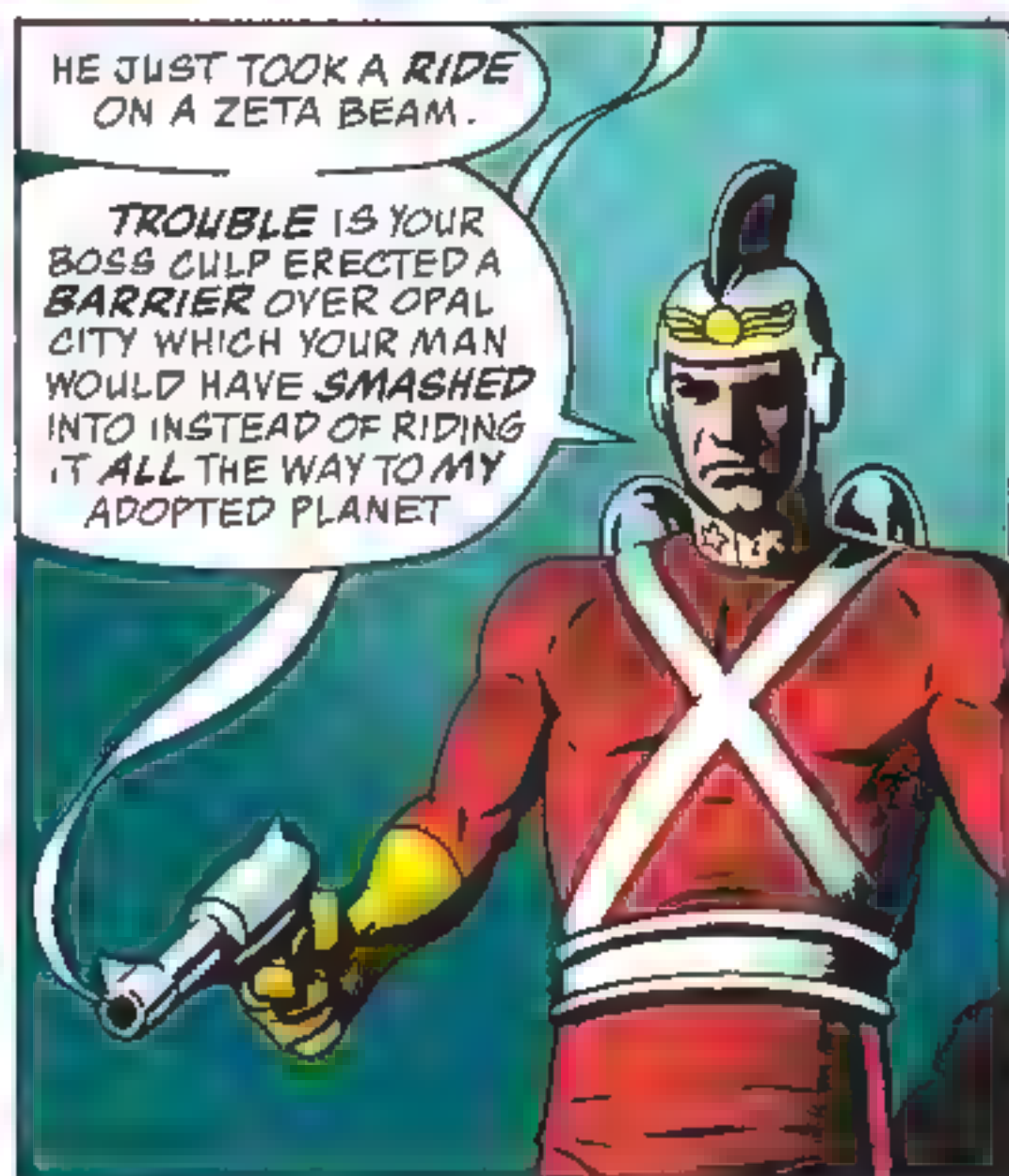
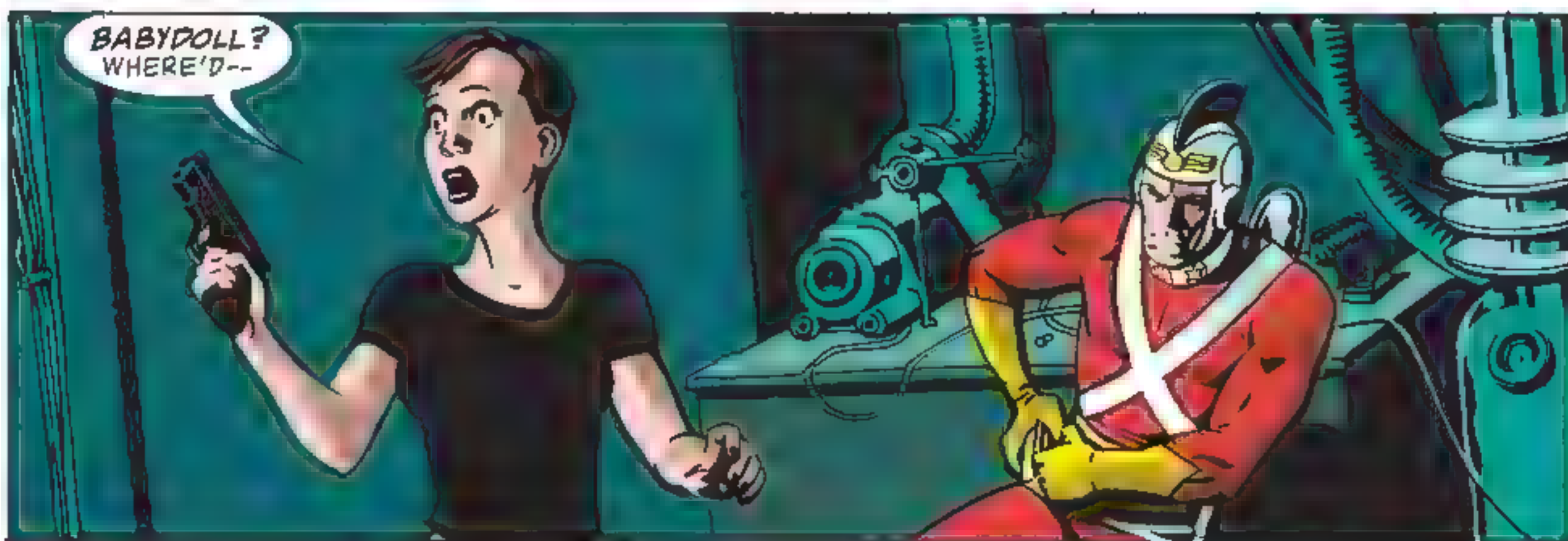
"TIME," ADAM STRANGE THINKS. "THERE *ISN'T* ANY TIME. THE CITY'S GOING TO BE DEVoured SOON. HAVE TO--



"GOD, I CAN'T DIE HERE ... EARTH ... NOT WITHOUT ONE LAST GLIMPSE OF ALANNA, MY SWEETHEART.









**BARRY  
O'DARE.  
TRAITOR.**

CLARENCE HAS  
STOPPED HIS RADIO BROADCASTS TRYING TO BUOY OPAL'S  
COPS BACK INTO ACTION TO FIGHT  
CULP'S FORCES, I GUESS MY  
THREAT WORKED.

HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT,  
FAITH? I THREATEN TO  
KILL YOU AND CHARITY  
HERE, IF MY BRO  
DOESN'T SHUT HIS  
YAP...

...HOW CAN  
HE SAY NO?  
CLARENCE  
LOVES YOU.

YEAH, BUT HE LOVES  
THE O'DARE NAME,  
TOO. A NAME YOU'VE  
DISGRACED.

HE'LL  
GIVE IN.  
I KNOW MY  
BRO.

DO  
YOU?

I DOUBT  
THAT, BARRY.  
I DOUBT MY  
HUSBAND WOULD  
EVER SHIRK  
HIS DUTY.

CLARENCE?

HELLO,  
BABY.  
YOU  
OKAY?

I'M  
FINE,  
HON.

HOW DID  
YOU FIND  
ME?

I'LL THROW YOUR WORDS  
BACK AT YOU... "I KNOW  
MY BRO." AND MY C.T.Y.

SO YOU  
AND ME.  
WHAT  
NOW?

YOU  
AND ME...

...AND THE REST  
OF THE FAMILY.

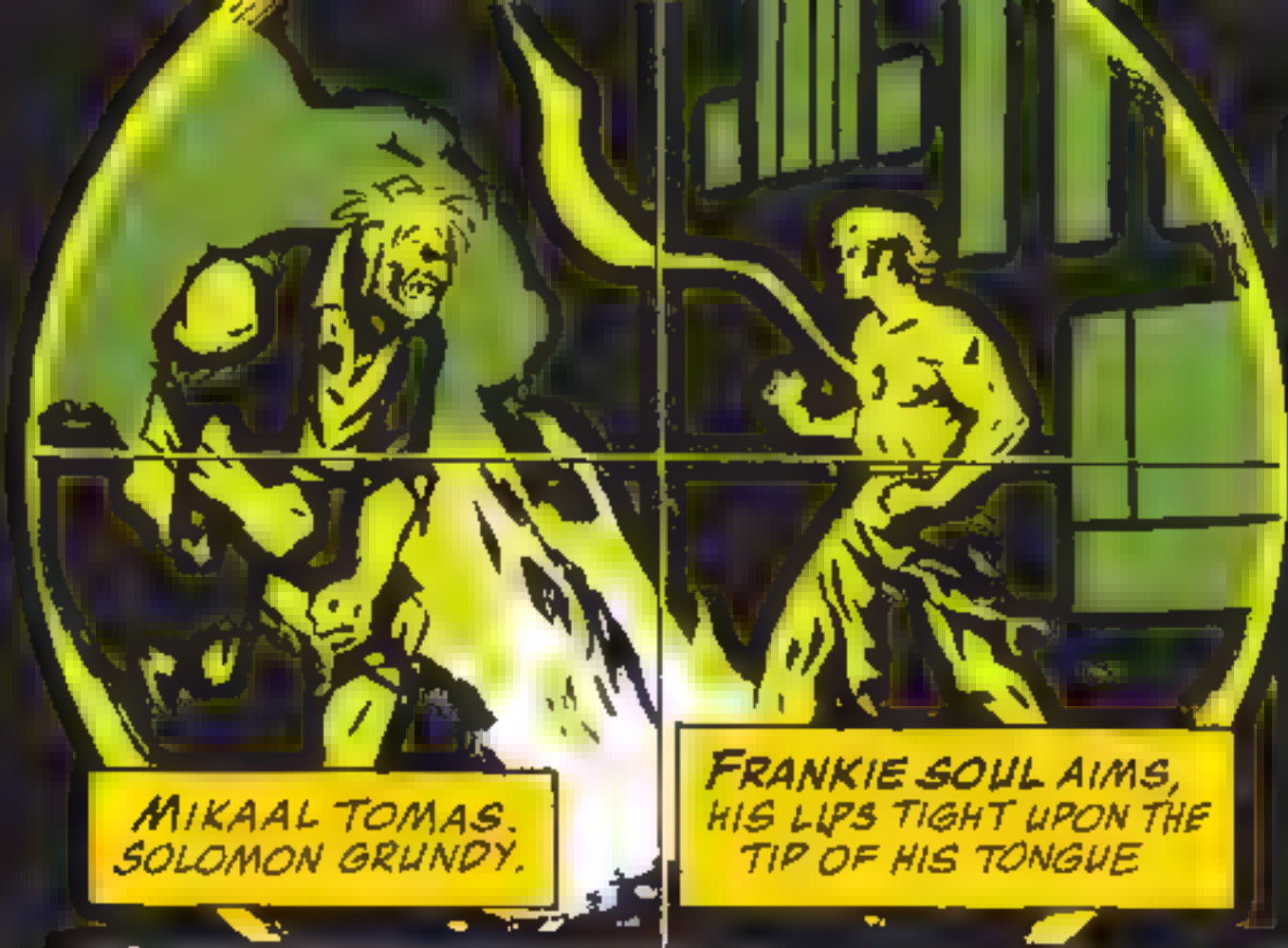
IT'S "THANKSGIVING  
ON O'DARE MOUNTAIN,"  
BARRY. A FEEL-GOOD  
TV SPECIAL.

SO NOW  
ASK THAT SAME  
QUESTION.

Huh?

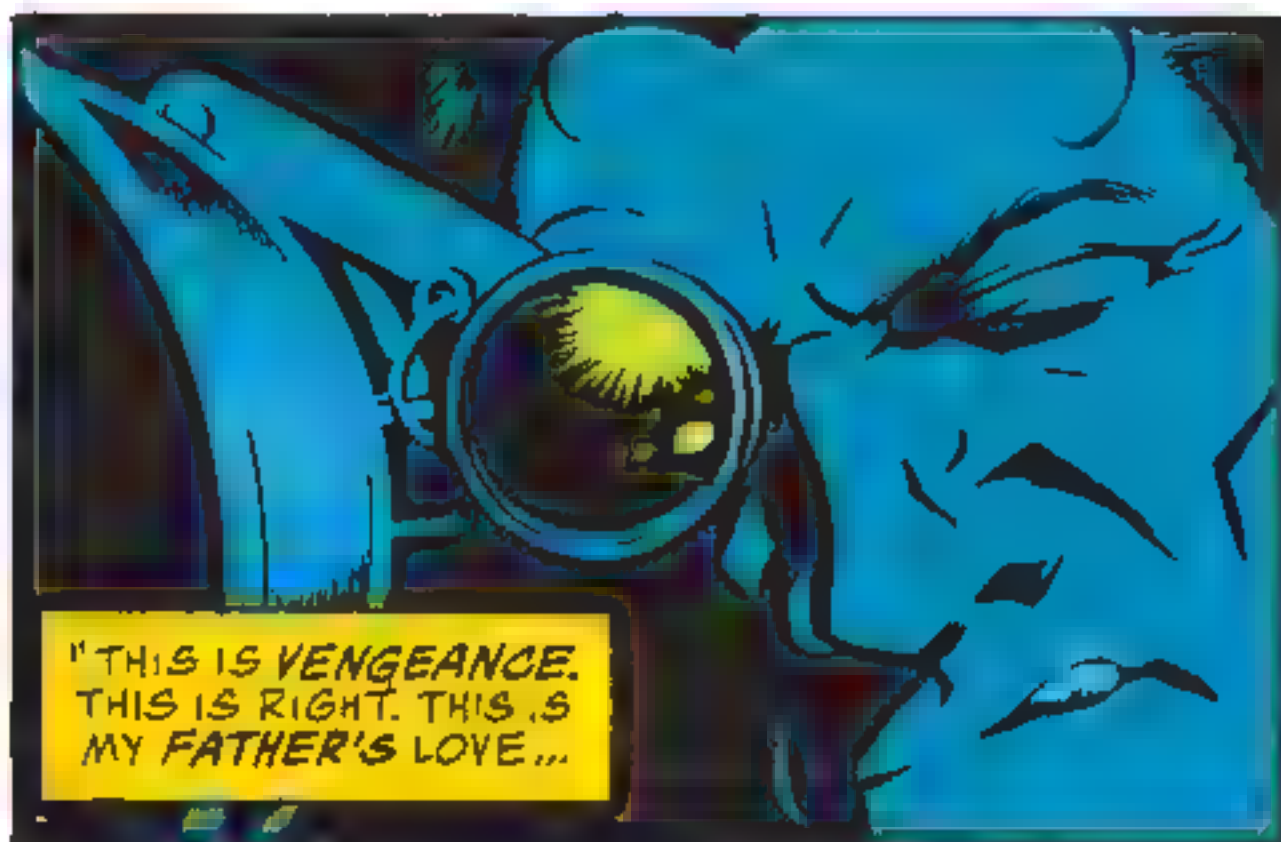
"WHAT  
NOW?"



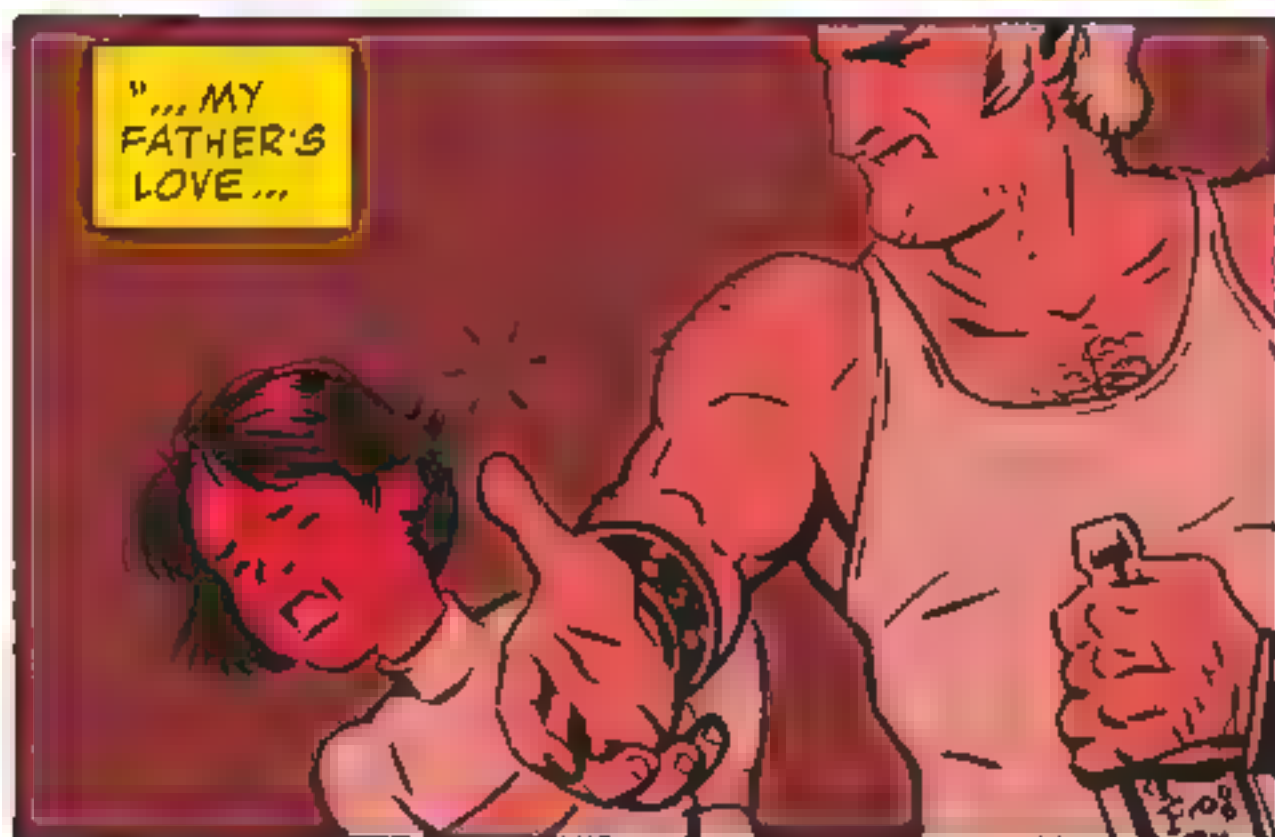


MIKAAL TOMAS.  
SOLOMON GRUNDY.

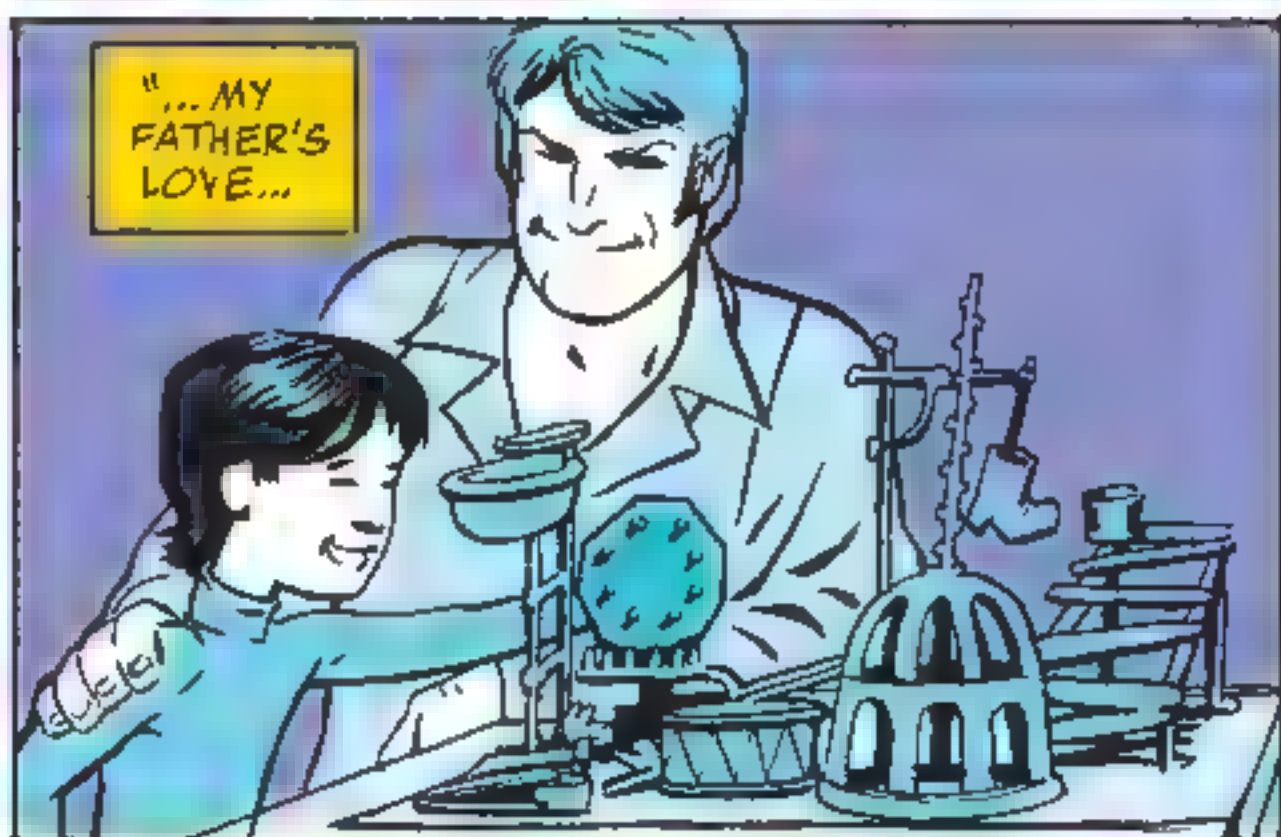
FRANKIE SOUL AIMS,  
HIS LIPS TIGHT UPON THE  
TIP OF HIS TONGUE



"THIS IS VENGEANCE.  
THIS IS RIGHT. THIS IS  
MY FATHER'S LOVE..."



"...MY  
FATHER'S  
LOVE..."



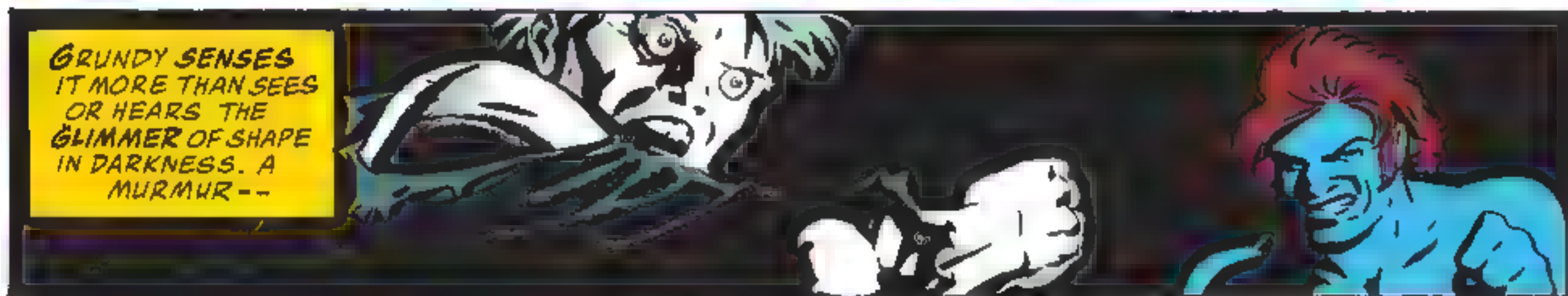
"...MY  
FATHER'S  
LOVE..."



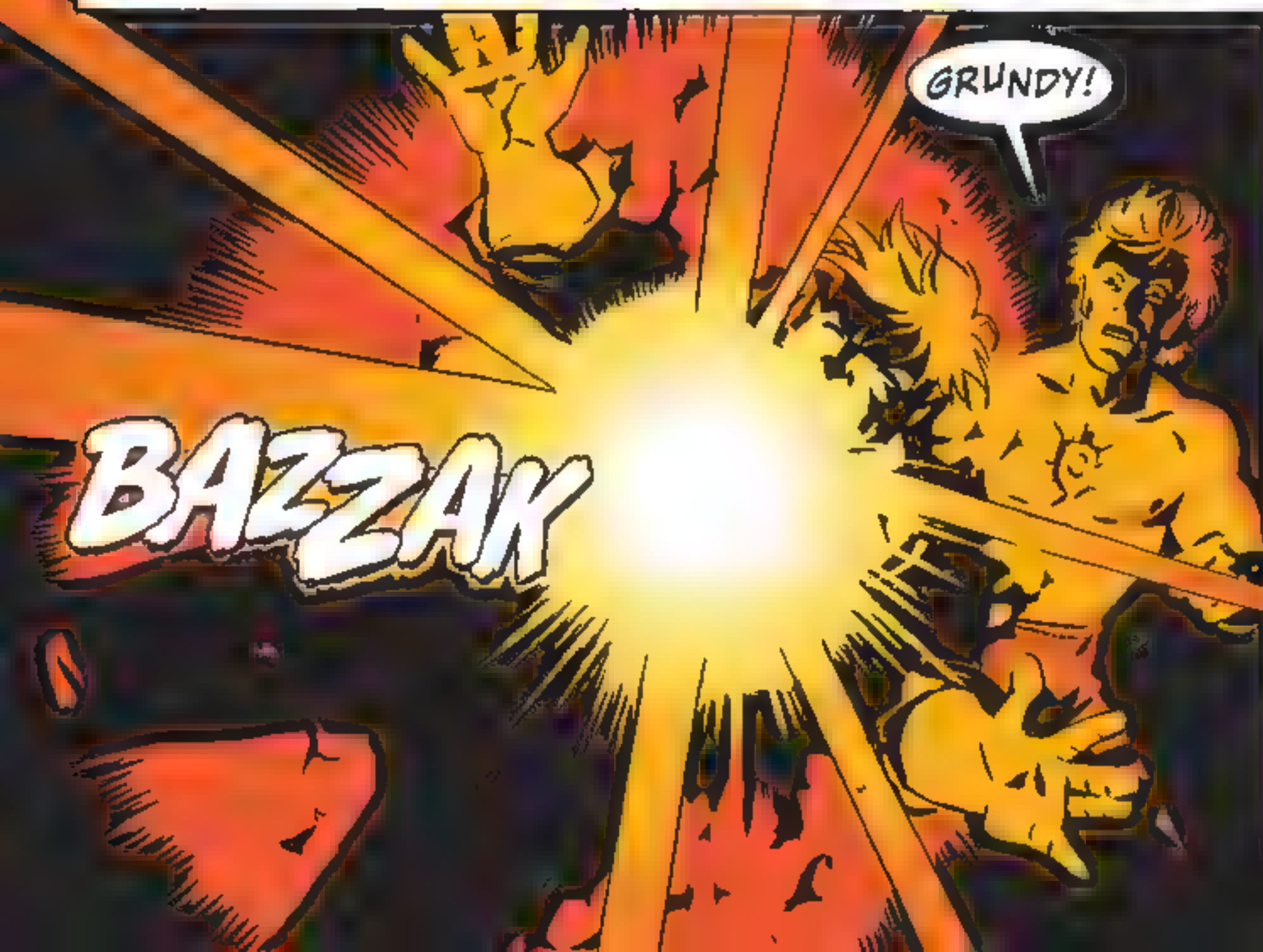
"...MADE MINE AGAIN.

"THE DEATH OF MIKAAL  
TOMAS BRINGS ME SO  
MUCH. PEACE. RENOWN.  
A LIFE OF GILDED BLISS.

"ALL I NEED  
DO IS--"



GRUNDY SENSES  
IT MORE THAN SEES  
OR HEARS THE  
GLIMMER OF SHAPE  
IN DARKNESS. A  
MURMUR--

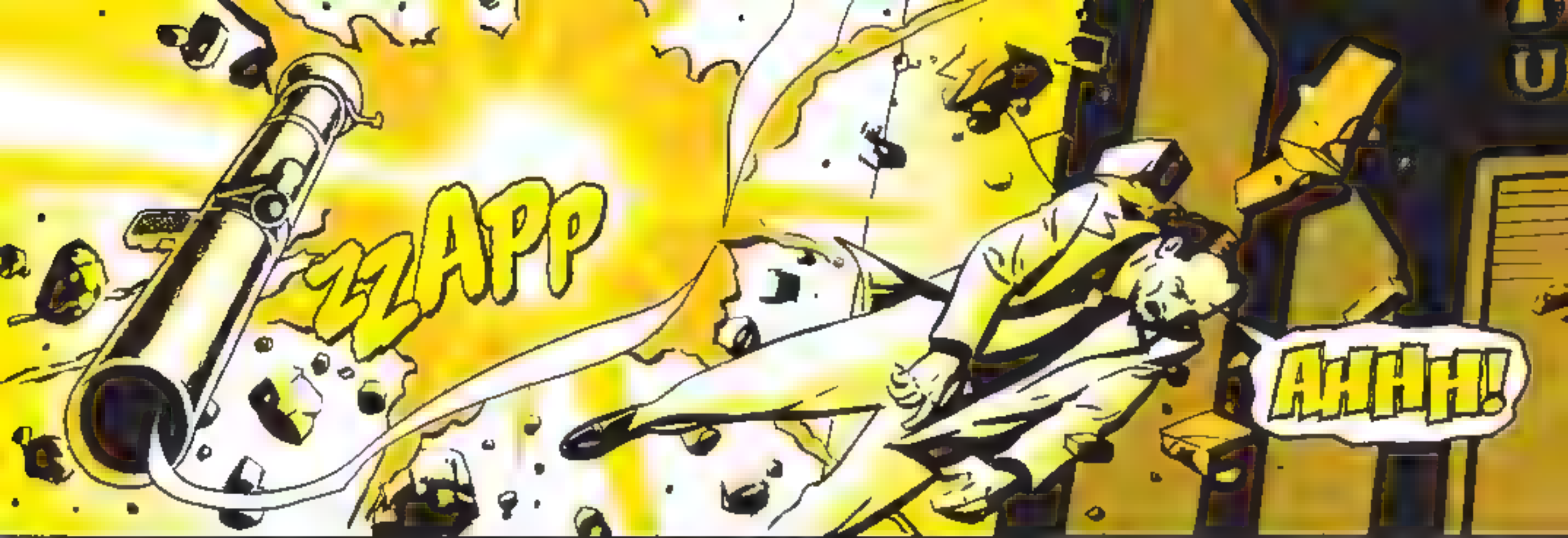


GRUNDY!



ZZZTTT





WHY, GRUNDY?

WHY DID YOU SAVE ME?



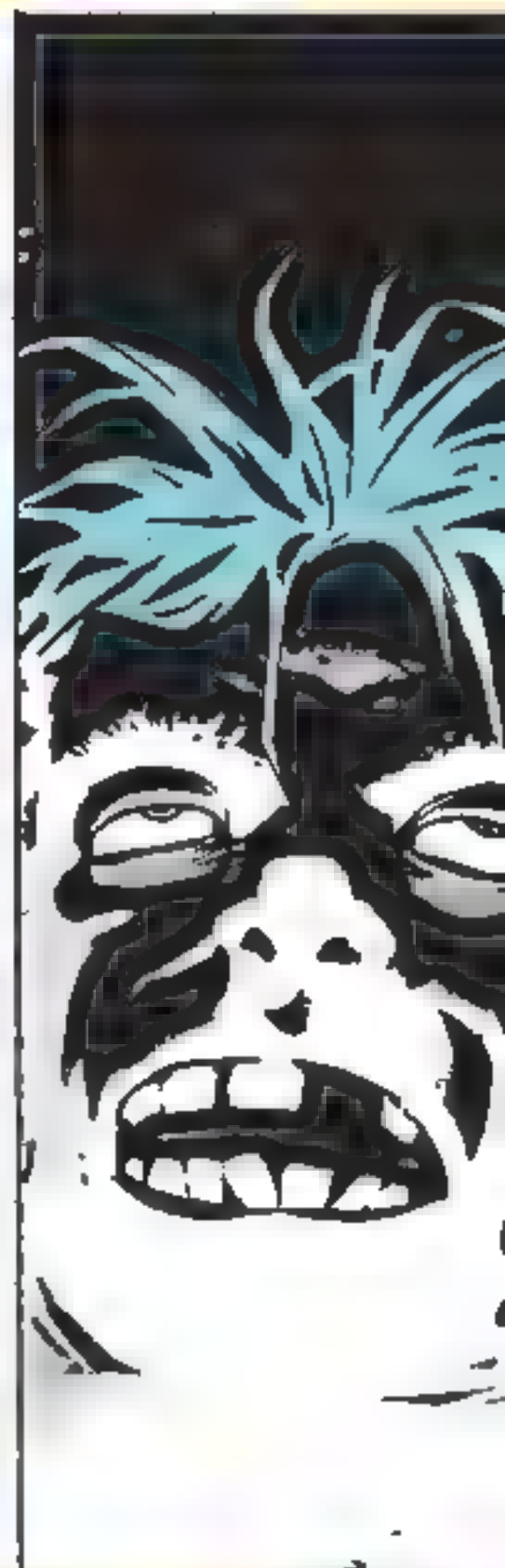
I'D BET YOU'D LIKE TO HEAR THAT THE GRUNDY WHO YOU WERE FRIENDS WITH... THAT SOME SUBCONSCIOUS MEMORY FROM THEN WELLED UP WITHIN ME...

DIDN'T HAPPEN.



WHY DID I SAVE YOU?

WISH I COULD TELL YOU.



FRANKIE SOUL KNOWS MIKAAL TOMAS HAS CHANGED HE ISN'T THE KINDLY BLUE SOUL OF A PENTHOUSE BEATING AGO. NO

NOW, IF ANYTHING, TOMAS REMINDS FRANKIE OF HIS FATHER ... CERTAINLY LIVING UP TO HIS FATHER'S ALIAS "NO MERCY."



FRANKIE KNOWS HE'S ABOUT TO DIE.

HE SMILES



"I DID MY BEST, DAD," HE THINKS. "I DID MY BEST."





WHAT SHOULD I DO, SHADE? WHERE SHOULD I FIRE?

NO, JACK, THIS IS BETWEEN SIMON AND ME.

IT HAS TO END WITH SIMON AND ME.

I felt so conflicted.

And scared. What if this was indeed the end?

NO HELP IS NEEDED, IS IT, SIMON?

But I also felt excitement ...as I did every time Culp and I had met.

This was life and death for two who seemed destined never to know the end of mortality's arc.

RIGHTO, DICKIE DON'T NEED NO ONE'S 'ELP TO SNUFF YOUR CANDLE.

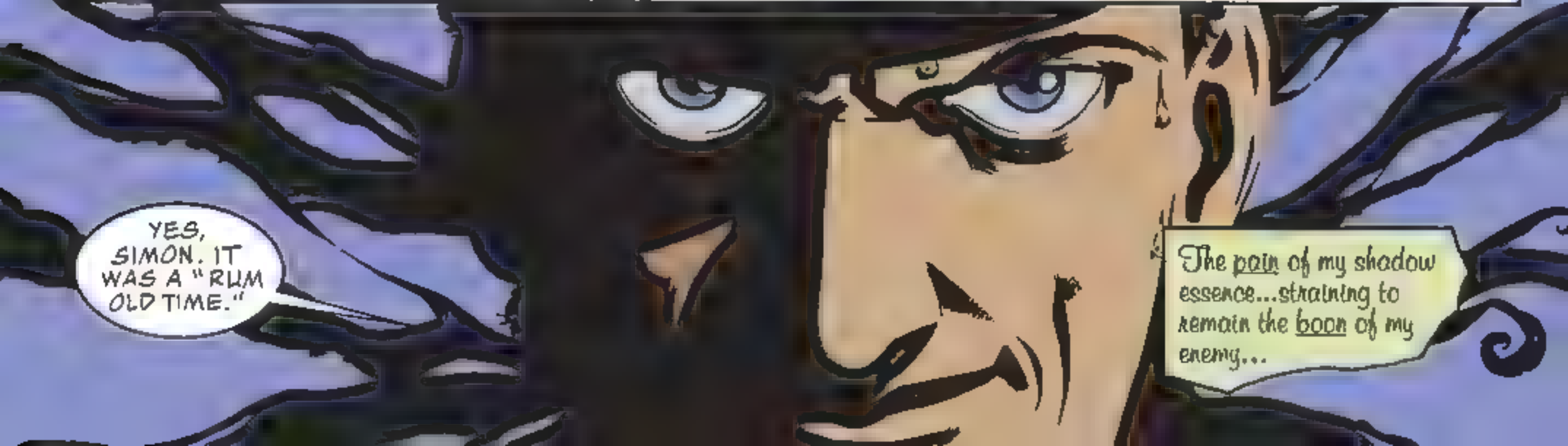
And I felt joy.

WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

NOTHING

A strange contentment. Knowing this was my destiny. One reason I first drew breath.

ME, I WAS THINKING OF INDIA. RUM OLD TIME, BUT A NICE MEMORY, ONCE THAT TIME WAS LIVED, eh?



YES, SIMON. IT WAS A "RUM OLD TIME."

The pain of my shadow essence...straining to remain the boon of my enemy...



And the ease of the moments when my own black strength won respite at being mine.

SMUDGE **DIDN'T** SACRIFICE HIMSELF, WHEN HE HIT YOU, YOU KNOW

WHAT'CHA SAYING? I **SNUFFED** THE LITTLE BLEEDER.

HE **ENTERED** YOU. REINFECTION MY OWN GENETIC SHADOW MATTER. MAKING IT **MINE** AGAIN. MAKING **ME STRONG**.

And through it all, a single thought in my head...

...how perfectly perfect.

HE **ENTERED** YOU THE BEST OF ME. PURE SHADOW ESSENCE.

My one thought...

...until the moment I realized I still had fight within me...

STRONG ENOUGH TO DO WHAT YOU'D **D** **EARLIER**...

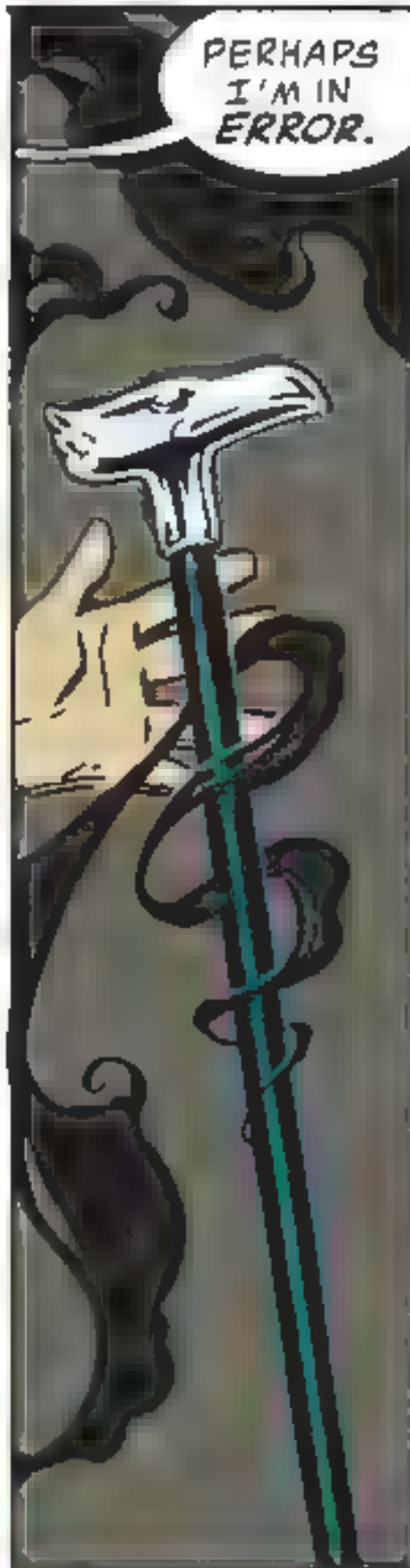
...and Simon Culp had none of it.

...DRAW ALL THE DARKNESS AS MY OWN!





IT APPEARS I HAVE WON, SIMON. YOU ARE THE ONE WHOSE CANDLE IS SNUFFED.



PERHAPS I'M IN ERROR.



BUT I DOUBT IT



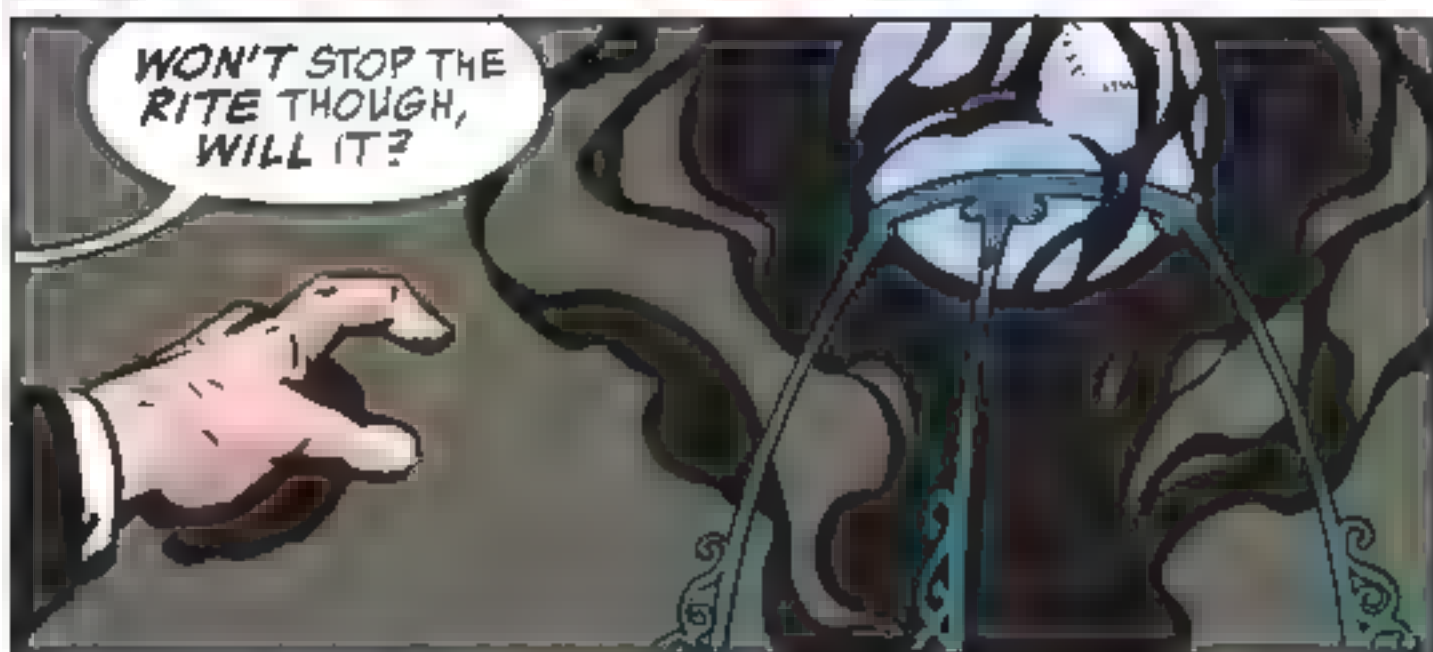
I HAVE YOUR DARKNESS. I HAVE MY OWN. IT IS YOU WHO ARE NOW POWERLESS.

ALL THAT REMAINS--

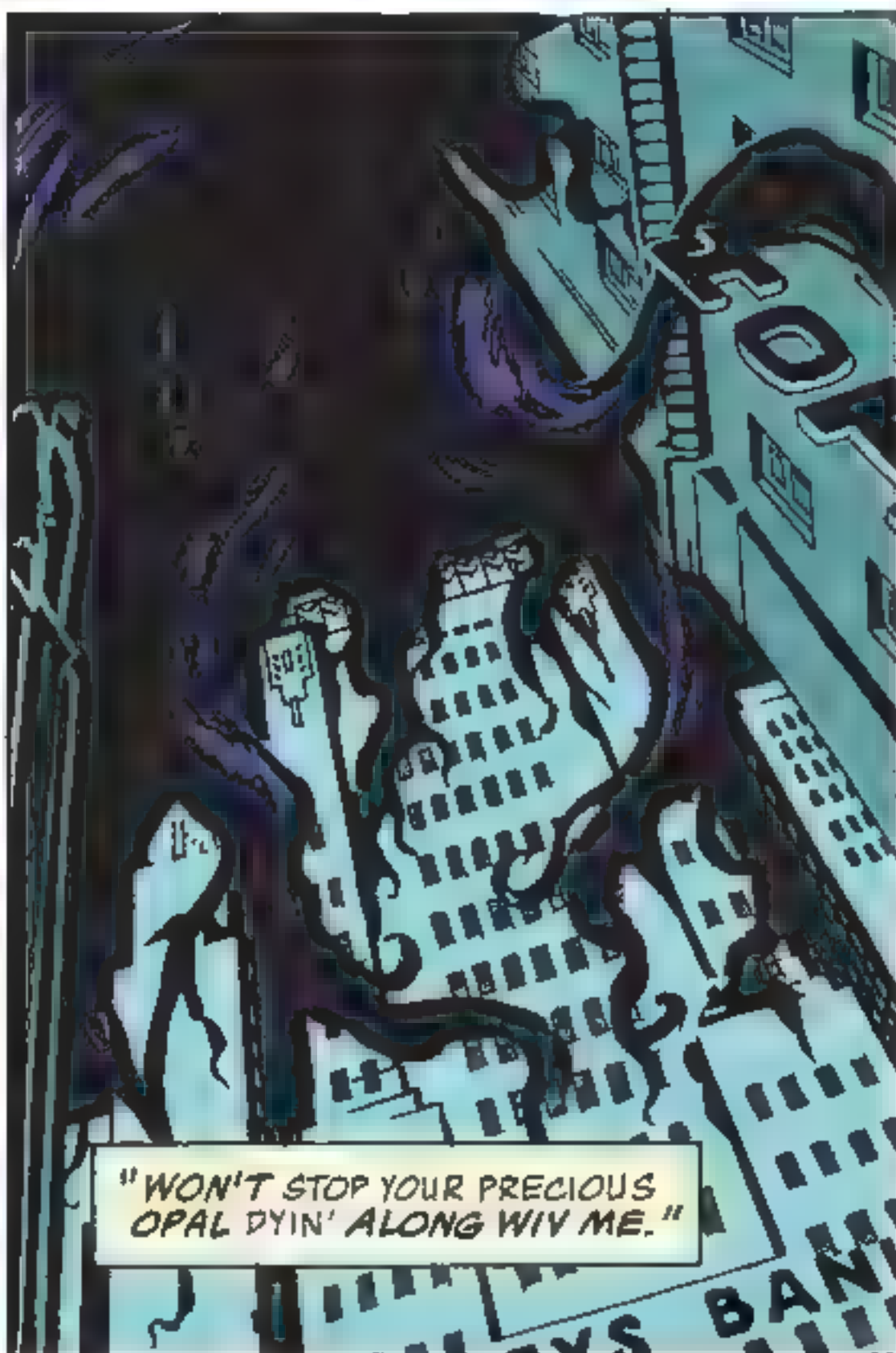


GO AHEAD! DO IT! KILL ME, DICKIE!

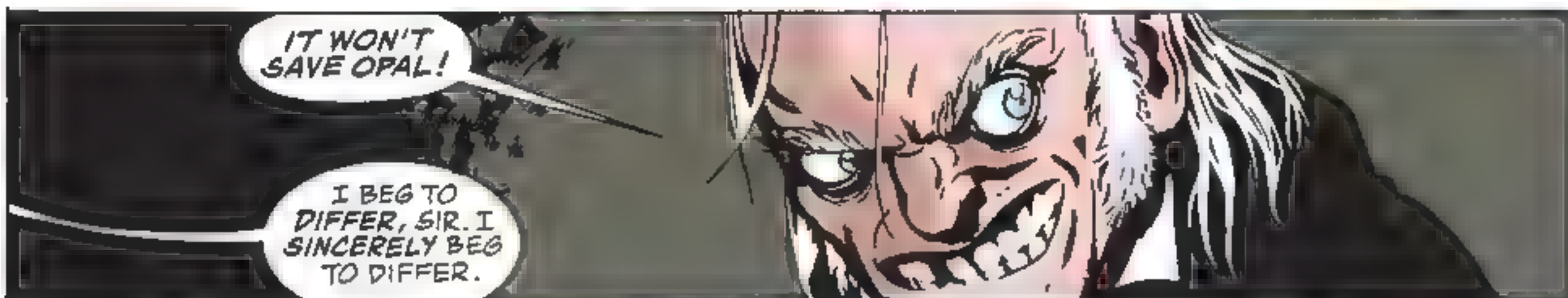
I KNOW YOU GOT IT IN YA, 'CAUSE YOU'RE AS MEAN A BLACK-HEARTED SO-N-SO AS ME!



WON'T STOP THE RITE THOUGH, WILL IT?



"WON'T STOP YOUR PRECIOUS OPAL DYIN' ALONG WIV ME."



IT WON'T SAVE OPAL!

I BEG TO DIFFER, SIR. I SINCERELY BEG TO DIFFER.





THE DIBNYS.



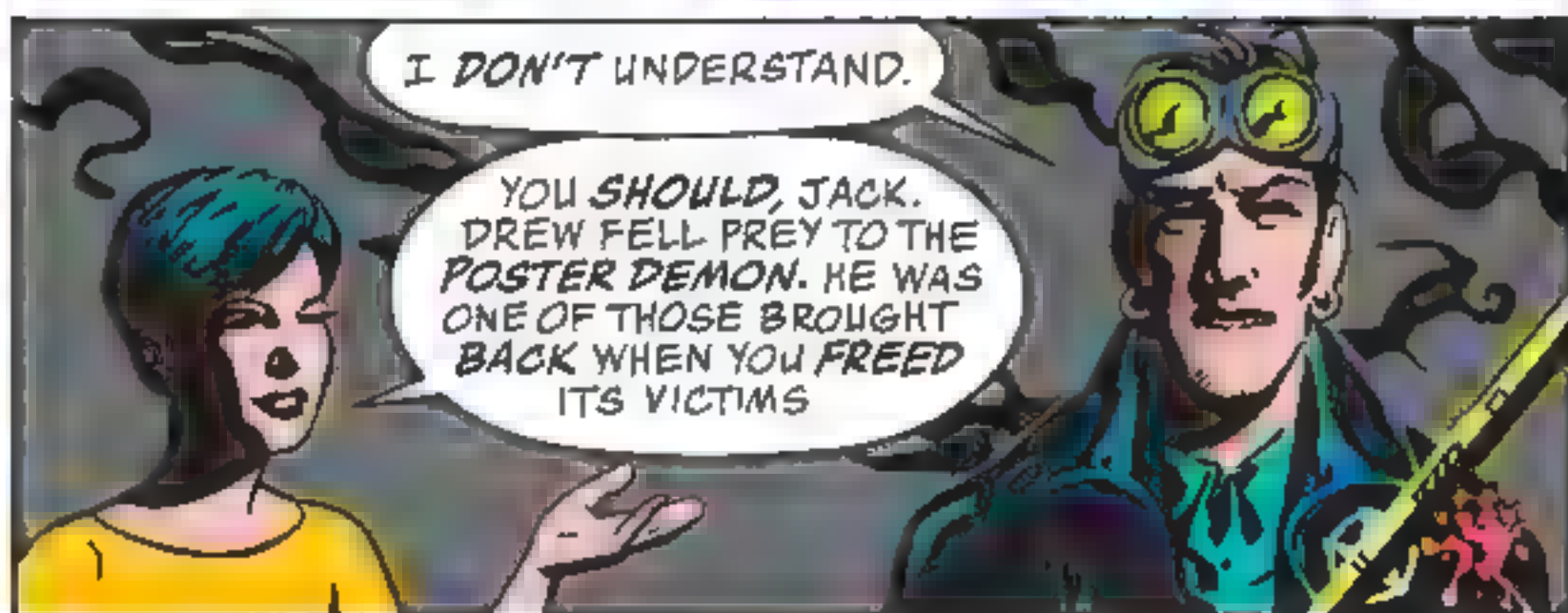
AND WITH US, MAY I PRESENT THE ESTEEMED DETECTIVE...

HAMILTON DREW.



DREW?

HELLO, JON.



I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

YOU SHOULD, JACK. DREW FELL PREY TO THE POSTER DEMON. HE WAS ONE OF THOSE BROUGHT BACK WHEN YOU FREED ITS VICTIMS

MY LAST CASE BEFORE I WAS CAST HELL-BOUND ... TO PROVE THE INNOCENCE OF VALOR IN THE MURDER OF HIS SON

AMONG MY FILES, STORED WHILE I WAS "AWAY" AND RETURNED TO ME RECENTLY...



... WAS THE JOURNAL OF COB DUNNING, A MEMBER OF THE TUESDAY CLUB CULT THAT ABIDED HERE FROM OPAL'S INCEPTION AS A PURITAN SETTLEMENT, PORTO'SOULS RIGHT THROUGH TO THE LAST DAY OF THE LAST CENTURY WHEN IT WAS WIPED OUT BY SHERIFF BRIAN SAVAGE.



AMONG THOSE KILLED WAS CRAIG ARBUTHNOT. HIS WIDOW FLED THE CITY, TAKING WITH HER MANY OF THE CLUB'S LOGS AND JOURNALS.

THIS ONE... MANY CENTURIES OLD... DETAILS THE EFFORTS OF A PURITAN... ONE JUSTIN VALOR... TO RID PORTO'SOULS OF THE TUESDAY CLUB'S "UNGODLINESS."



IT ALSO DETAILS HOW JON VALOR'S ARRIVAL IN THE COLONY ALLOWED CLUB MEMBER DUNNING TO IMPLICATE HIM IN JUSTIN'S MURDER.



HERE IT IS, JON VALOR. THE PROOF YOU NEEDED.



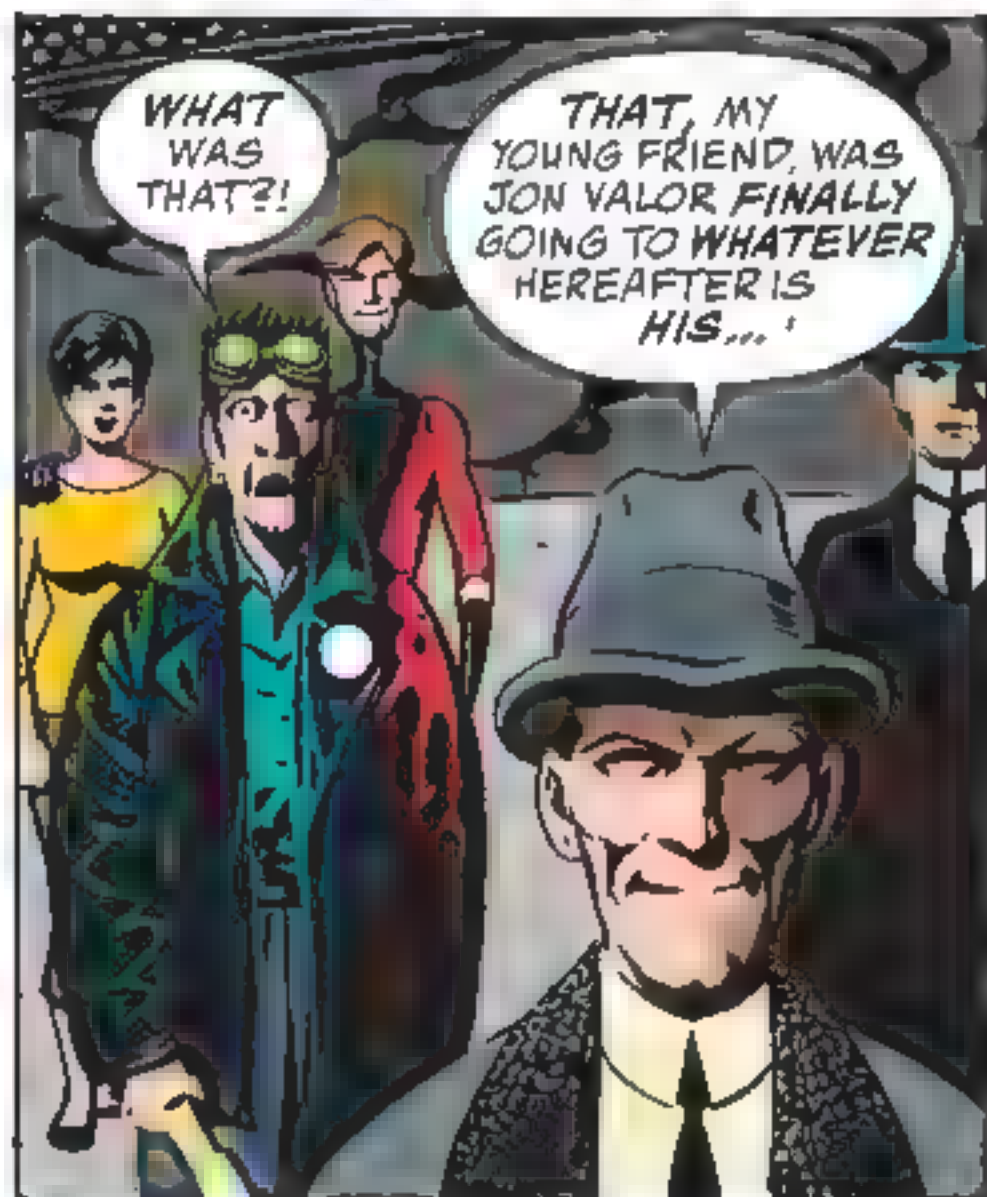
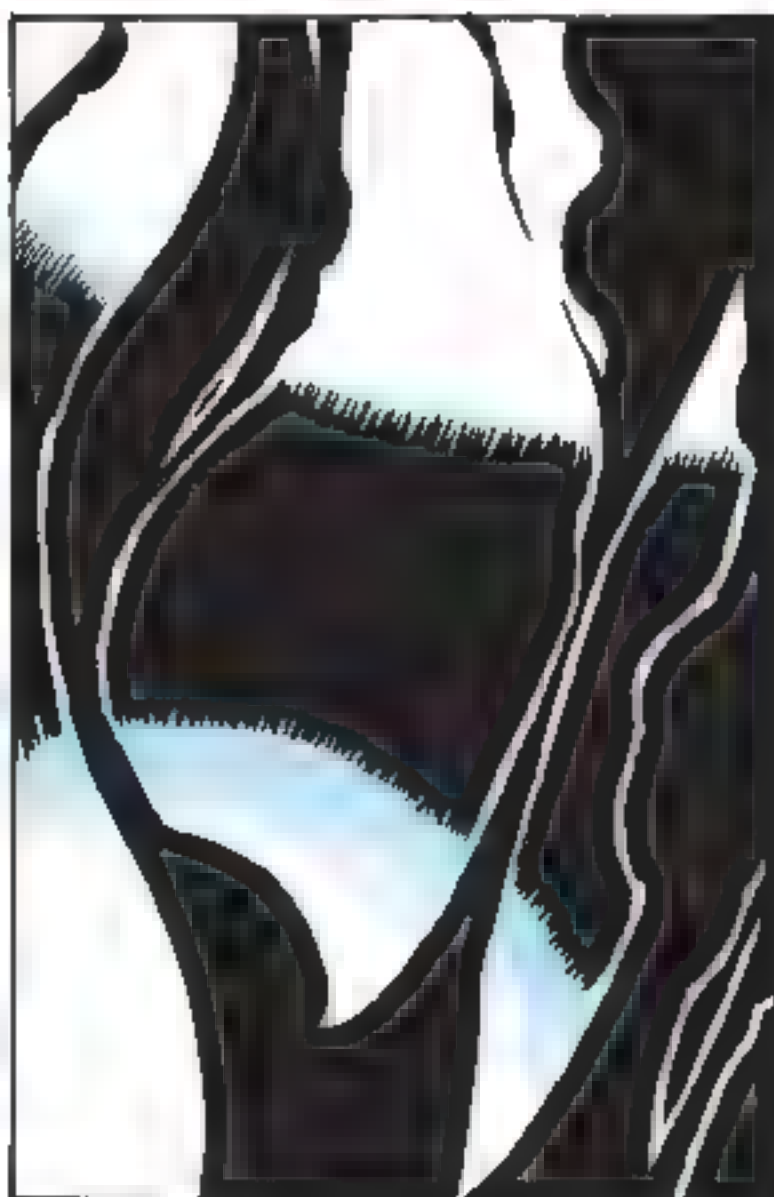
YOU'RE FREE.

FREE?!?





THANK YOU,  
SIR! THANK YOU!  
FROM THE BOTTOM  
OF M--



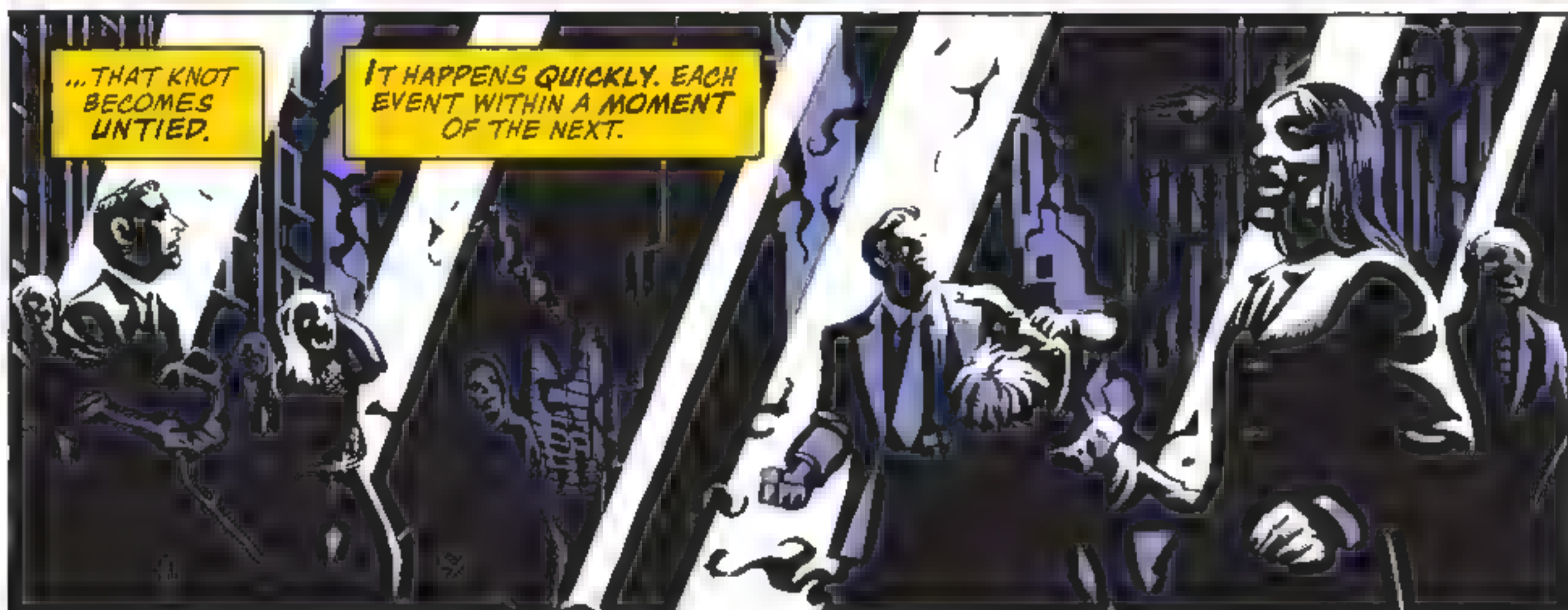
WHAT  
WAS  
THAT?!

THAT, MY  
YOUNG FRIEND, WAS  
JON VALOR FINALLY  
GOING TO WHATEVER  
HEREAFTER IS  
HIS...'



"...THOSE SPIRITS ALSO GO  
TO THEIR GREAT REWARD."

AND WITH THEM NO LONGER  
BINDING CULP'S DARKNESS...



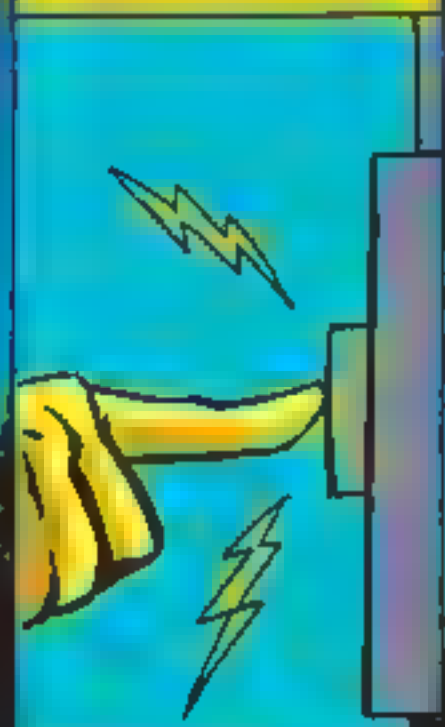
...THAT KNOT  
BECOMES  
UNTIED.

IT HAPPENS QUICKLY. EACH  
EVENT WITHIN A MOMENT  
OF THE NEXT.





IN ADAM  
STRANGE'S PLACE  
OF SCIENCE...



...A TRIO OF  
AMPLIFIED  
ZETA BEAMS  
MATE.  
ALIGNING.





INTENSITY AND  
MAGNITUDE  
MELD--

A DOORWAY  
APPEARS...



...THROUGH WHICH  
COME NOT  
MERELY RANN'S  
FINEST...

...BUT AN ARMY  
OF MANY WORLDS.



LED BY ONE  
UNFAMILIAR  
TO ALL OF  
EARTH.

UNTIL... REALIZING  
THIS CHANGE OF  
LOCALE WARRANTS A  
CHANGE OF  
APPEARANCE...



...THE STRANGER'S  
FACE SHIFTS TO  
THAT OF  
"PRODIGAL SON."







HIS ODOR IS THE SAME.  
FLOWERS TOO LONG  
IN THE VASE.

BUT HIS EYES  
ARE BRIGHT.

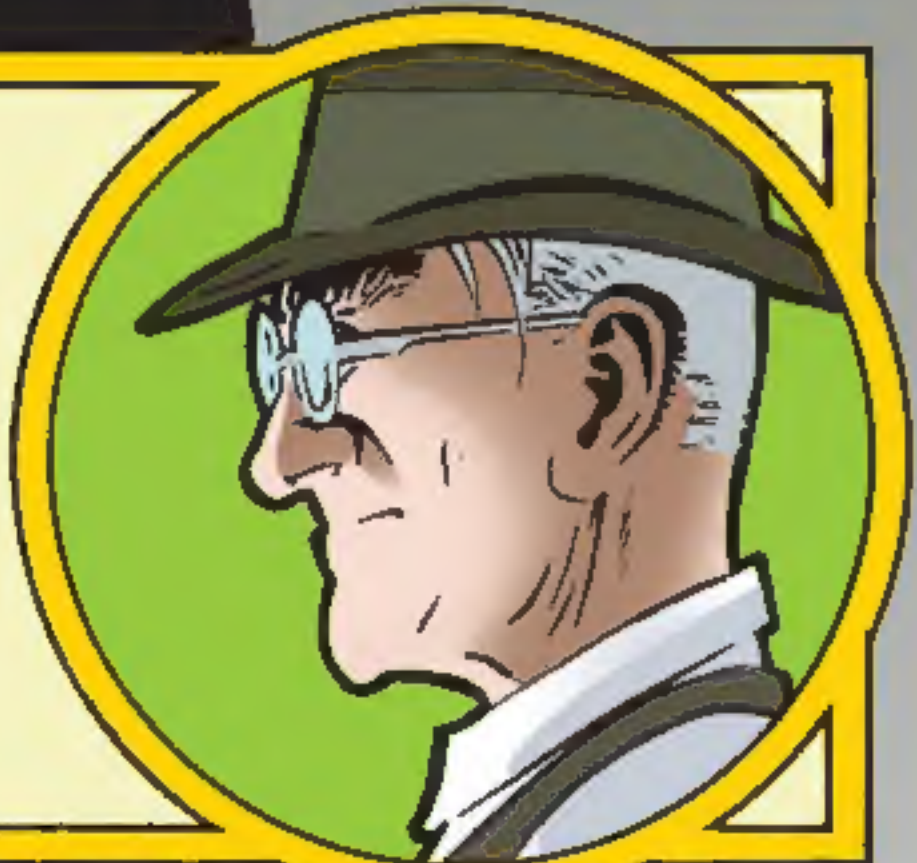
HELLO,  
EVERYONE.

MISS  
ME?

## Grand Guignol Douzième Partie

The saga ends with the return of  
Starman's greatest villain whose  
own plan for Opal is no less dark  
than the recently departed Simon  
Culp's. This, the return of Will  
Payton...and death in

# FINALE





# Deadman Wade

"THIS IS WHAT  
AWESOME  
LOOKS LIKE".

DCP